

Nessa

Author(s): L. MacManus

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 3, No. 37 (Nov. 15, 1902), p. 608

Published by: All Ireland Review

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20546282>

Accessed: 04-06-2016 10:11 UTC

---

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at  
<http://about.jstor.org/terms>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



*All Ireland Review* is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *All Ireland Review*

divisive activities and their shibboleths, and their nonsense. Are you in that crowd?

You don't like my notions about "Man and the Earth." Why don't you write to me publicly to say so. I would be glad and proud to give you a page a week to controvert me—my notion that in spite of all the Whigs of this or any other country the Earth is not, and never was, and never will be a chattel, like hay or bacon. And, because you don't like one of my ideas you reject them all, as well as myself, my history, and philosophy, and sketches, and stories, and "Bits of Ireland," and correspondence from all sides, and my all round sympathy with everything that is vital, and beautiful, and innocent, and of good report in this land. "Take my name off!" It is a refrain of my daily correspondence to which I am now indurated. It does not hurt me now, though, at the beginning, I used to suffer about it; but to be bidden "take" your "name off," and in language so curt—I confess that, once again, I have felt as I used to feel in A. I. R.'s. green days, and when I was conscious of having set out with a feeling of universal goodwill. Then, indeed, I was troubled and distressed when messages of this fierce nature came to me, curt and scornful. But for years I have not felt as I did on the receipt of your letter.

You charge me, too, with "reviving Henry George's doctrine." It is a way of meeting me that is unworthy of you. How is my doctrine impugned or affected in any way by the fact that any man is for or against? But you know that the world, all the world's great powers, and forces, and vested interests, went against George; necessarily: it was their nature to; and you would like to identify me with that defeated cause? It is a common trick of controversialists of a very minor and neglectable character.

George, too, as you doubtless remember, wished to arrive at the realization of his ideas by the way of revolution. Save in the ultimate object where is the resemblance between a world—Radical like George, a Revolutionist through and through, and out and out, and myself, the most Tory and most Conservative public man who stands in Ireland to-day.

You, I know, have a tender heart and a sensitive conscience; but you have never given your mind fair play over this question, never laid your understanding alongside of it fairly and frankly.

You were Carlyle's friend, too. Do I say anything that you will not find in him? I say nothing here in Ireland in the twentieth century, that he did not say in England in the nineteenth.

You were amongst the few, the very few, who accompanied his remains from London to Ecclefechan, in the far North, travelling through some three-fourths of Great Britain to do honour to the poor tenement of clay which for a time held that great spirit.

If you have ever studied Carlyle as well as read him, studied him as well as listened to him, as well as fallen subject to his commanding and unique personality, you would have understood that I have never advanced here in Ireland any notion or thought concerning "Man and the Earth," the Englishman and England, the Irishman and Ireland, which was not in Carlyle before me. Over and over, and over again, he said the same things that I am saying in A.I.R., viz., "when land-lords become 'land-auctioneers' their day of destruction is not far off" ("Past and Present"). "A landed aristocracy, with rents, but without duties, are like a tree on the edge of a precipice with the earth getting washed away from its roots" (*id.*) "You, my lords and gentlemen of England, you own England! You? Do you? What questions are these you are forcing us to ask. If you want an Island of your own go out to the Dogger Bank and raise one." Again, after talking about ground values, ground rent, how they have been made by the valour and virtue of the ancients, plus the industry of the moderns, he adds:

"Chartist Parliaments when they come will know where to lay the taxes."

Again (in "Past and Present"): "Who owns England?" Answer by T. C. "God first, and, under God, all who have worked well in England, or who are working well, or who will work well in England."

It may still be wrong and the sign of a bad citizen to raise in such a settled country as England this profound and profoundly disturbing question:—"Who owns the Earth"? But it has been raised in Ireland. Time and events have brought it up, and we must answer it. It was raised by the way of revolution; I want to see it settled by reason; raised in violence and injustice; I would have it settled in justice, in justice and in humanity. A great Irish order are going out of the ownership of Ireland; I but raise the question—who are to succeed them and how? And I did think that you would have been one of my friendly assistants in endeavouring to answer such questions.

NESSA.

BY L. MACMANUS,

Author of *Lally of the Brigade*.

Price, 1s. Post free, 1s. 2d.

Sealy, Bryers and Walker, Middle Abbey St., Dublin.

THIS is a right good historical novel; in my opinion and in that of a great many personal friends who have read it, and who have told me what they think about it.

It is a Cromwellian Irish Historical Novel, written by a young lady who has studied the monuments of the period, and whose imagination, in the making of her story, "Nessa," has been fired by the fact.

The price of the book is only 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.; and I here ask all the Dublin and all Ireland literary sodalities and societies, of all kinds, to buy it and read it, and set a night apart for the open discussion of its merits. Our literary sodalities and societies and debating clubs are, so far as I can make out, a great deal too much concerned with authors dead and buried, now far beyond their re-proof or their blame.

Let them interest themselves in the actual living present. Let them devote one night to the discussion of "Nessa," and after that, revert, if they please, to Tone's Memoirs, or the alleged poisoning of Owen Roe O'Neill.

But, meanwhile, here is a live book and a live author making no particular demands upon them, only just asking for their opinion.

If our literary societies and sodalities and Irish debating clubs are good for anything they ought to be good for this, viz., for the pronouncement of an opinion upon a new Irish book.

I may add, between ourselves, that Miss M'Manus is a resident Irish landlord, and that she and her tenants get along so well together that, so far as they are concerned, they want no change in the laws at all or the introduction into their country of any revolutionary and upsetting laws of any kind whatsoever, whether suggested by Mr. T. W. Russell or by Mr. William O'Brien.

That is, however, neither here nor there. Miss M'Manus has given us an Irish Historical Novel, and has asked us to say what we think about it.

"To Oblidg Maggie."

A SERVANT girl, in service in London, one day went to her mistress in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days—she had a telegram, telling that her mother was ill.

"Of course, go," said the mistress; "only, Maggie, do not stay longer than is necessary. We need you."

Maggie promised to return as soon as possible, and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her; then came a note by post:—

"Dear Miss B.,—I will be back nex week, an please kep my place for me, mother is dying as fast as she can. To oblidg  
"MAGGIE."

Smoke

**MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE**

FOR OVER 80 YEARS THE

**Irish National Smoking Mixture.**